

Bioshock

by Servant of Literature

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Summary: After watching a Halo video, I got the idea for this story. The creatures are based off of the flood, but the story itself is based in a modern day postarmegeddon world.

Bioshock

In May of 2028, scientists working on a biological weapons project created a super weapon, codenamed 'Elite'. It was placed under maximum security in Zanzibar, Africa. Now, that super weapon has escaped.

Lloyd walked up to the control panel, overlooking the massive generator that powered the facility. He absentmindedly tapped in a code, and the generator powered down, dimming the lights. It was past time for lights out in the facility. Yawning, Lloyd stretched and walked towards the sleeping quarters. He entered, almost tripping over the body of another scientist as he did so. Turning, he saw the mutilated body. Turning on the dimmed light, he saw blood and entrails of the other scientists on the floor and walls of the quarters. Horrified, he stepped back, entering the lockdown code of the room. The stainless steel door immediately slammed shut, locking itself. Now nothing could get in. Or out. Breathing heavily, Lloyd walked a little faster than usual to the control panel. He tapped in a code, and the entrance and exit doors of the facility slammed shut. He closed the bulletproof glass around the platform, then shut the doors and window, locking them. He was locked inside the control room. Accessing the camera displays, he checked them. Nothing on any of the cameras. One of them, the one closest to the platform, was showing a slight shimmer on top of the bulletproof glass. Probably a glitch, thought Lloyd, shutting down the camera displays. He had no one to call. The facility only had comm stations inside it, for security reasons. The project inside couldn't be allowed to escape. Lloyd accessed the archives, checking through until he found the topic BW. He clicked it, entering the code and pulling up the topic in a new window.

"The weapon is doing fine. It is completely secure and is holding up well to all the tests we give it. Radiation levels from it are minimal. The chief is even considering letting us take these heavy HazMat suits off for something a little lighter. It isn't like the thing is going to escape anyway."

Lloyd checked the next section. This one was the most recent.

"The weapon is attempting to escape. It can't of course, but the Chief has called in security just to make sure. 'Better safe than sorry,' he says. I say that is a load of rubbish. The creature could never escape, and even if it did, security would gun it down in a few seconds. Their guns are the most effective against the creature. They suck the life right out of it, or so they say. I still prefer the good old fashioned bullet to the head."

Lloyd scanned the topic boards. No more sections to look at. It obviously wasn't the- Wait. Lloyd looked again. A small blurb at the bottom of the screen had missed his eye. He clicked it, and was rewarded with this.

"It has escaped. I'm calling Chief. In the meantime, I'm gonna find a safe place. It obviously wouldn't be able to get into the guard's quarters. I'll hide there."

Lloyd scrolled down, and saw another sentence.

"It's coming."

Oh god, thought Lloyd, looking around. He saw a fire extinguisher and a wrench. Maybe those tools would be able to save him. Shouldering the fire extinguisher, Lloyd hefted the wrench. Then there was a shudder. The window rippled, then shattered. "What the-" said Lloyd. Then the glass, which was supposed to be the strongest in the world, shattered. Lloyd flung himself on the ground, covering his head. When he looked up, nothing was there but a shimmer to the left of him. It was the same shimmer he had seen on the camera. Maybe... Lloyd grabbed the fire extinguisher, and squirted the foam substance on to the shimmer. The figure decloaked and howled in agony, scratching at the foam with long, sharp claws and by a blade that seemed to be jutting out of its wrist. No! screamed Lloyd to himself, running. He got to the door. Still shut. He turned. The weapon was still there, almost as if it was waiting. Lloyd turned around. There was another shimmer, flanked by two more. He turned around again. More shimmers. He hefted the wrench and started to go towards the generator. Maybe if he could jump onto it...

The other figures decloaked, showing their true, hideous selves. They were an olive green fleshy color, and had tentacles coming out of them. Sharp claws stuck out of their hands, and they had spikes on their backs. Lloyd got ready to jump, then something happened. He was flattened by the weight of one, which had apparently dropped from the ceiling. Grabbing the nozzle, Lloyd fired it into the creature's face. It howled and spat. Lloyd jumped, and landed with a thud on the ground of the building. He saw the door of the guard's quarters, and he began to run. He made it inside, locking the door. He slumped against the ground, exhausted. Then he heard the grunt. He turned his head, and a creature was standing in front of him, claw raised. It stabbed Lloyd in the chest. Lloyd gurgled, blood dripping out of his mouth. He reached for the wrench, but it slipped out of his grasp,

falling to the floor. He turned his head to look at the creature as everything turned black. It almost seemed to be smiling. Lloyd's eyes closed for the final time, and he never felt the creature's teeth sinking into the still warm flesh of his neck.

In June of 2028, the checkup and resupply team arrived. A new batch of security guards had arrived, and special forces units were guarding the shipment. A Humvee trailed behind, a fifty caliber machine gun mounted on the back. The team moved up to the door. One of the special forces soldiers walked up to the steel doors. "Specialist Faust Alexander Taylor, here with supply shipment Alpha Two B. Security clearance is high. Please open the doors," said Faust into the mike. There was no answer. One of the security guards moved up beside him, flashing a card and inserting it into a hole in the wall. The doors grinded and churned and finally slid apart. They were greeted to a gruesome sight. Bodies of scientists and guards lay everywhere, blood and entrails splattered on the walls. The security guard stepped back in horror, and raised his gun. One of the creatures dropped from the ceiling of the compound, hissing. It was met by 5.56mm ammunition from the gun the security guard had. It stepped back, its arm blown off by the bullets. It roared in pain and anger, and charged, this time met by the fifty caliber ammunition of the Humvee's mounted machine gun. Faust turned to the driver of the truck that carried the shipment. "Take it back to the helicopter, and tell it the others are on their way," said Faust, raising his gun and walking inside the facility. The others followed. Walking up a flight of stairs, Faust flicked a light switch. Nothing happened. "One of those creatures must have taken out the power," he said, pulling out a flashlight. He attached it to his gun and fastened two clips to hold it in place, then turned it on. Nothing was there. Making a gesture with his hands, Faust moved in alongside his comrades. The squad turned, and reached the solid steel doors. Faust called one of the security guards over. After flashing a card, the door opened. The security guard walked in, gun ready. It was met by claws. They tore through the Kevlar like it was tissue paper, a cloud of blood sailing through the air and landing with a splat on the wall. The guard's face contorted with pain, and blood dribbled out of his mouth. He was hurled against the wall, and a sickening crunch was heard. Faust raised his gun. "Open fire!" he yelled, blasting at the creature that had appeared at the door. It grunted with pain, its chest blown out. Then it reached out. Nothing was there. The creature sagged to its knees and roared with pain.

There was the blast of a gun being fired, then the clink of a shell. The brains of the biological weapon lay splattered out all across the floor. Faust holstered the pistol and turned to the remaining members of the group, which now consisted of two security guards and three soldiers. Faust pointed to a door. The soldiers nodded, readying their weapons. They kicked the door in. Nothing there. Walking inside, the soldiers did a quick sweep of the room. Then the door slammed shut from the inside, and locked. Faust stared at the door in horror. There was gunshots and screams, then silence. One of the security guards screamed and ran for a flight of stairs. Faust raised a hand after him, but he continued running. Soon afterwards there was a horrible crunch, and the body of the man landed heavily on the floor beside the stairs, half eaten, back broken. Faust ran for the stairs, forgetting the other guard. There was a scream behind him. Faust ignored it, and kept running, bowling over one of the weapons. Running outside, Faust dashed along the dirt road, and ran for the helicopter pad. He heard the chatter of a machine gun. Climbing up a

ladder, Faust reached the pad, where the driver of the car was on the machine gun, mowing down biological weapon after biological weapon. Faust jumped in the helicopter, and turned to the pilot. "Drive!" he screamed, adding his weapon's firepower to the fifty caliber's firepower. As the helicopter flew away, Faust glimpsed a few of the creatures going underwater. This was not good.

Faust reached the military base before the creatures hit the mainland. Sprinting, Faust ran to the General's office. "Sir, hundreds if not thousands of biological weapons are en route to our position," panted Faust, breathing heavily. The General put down the phone. "What?" he said, confused. "Hundreds if not thousands of biological weapons are en route to our position sir," repeated Faust, collapsing into a chair. "Nonsense. The only thing that way are a few islands and Africa. The Africans don't have sense enough to-" The General was cut off. "Sir, I am part of a check up and resupply team that goes to Zanzibar, Africa. We deliver supplies and more security guards for a government funded project that is based in Africa," said Faust impatiently. "You don't say," said the General, reaching for a phone to call security in. "I have the card sir!" said Faust, producing a shining piece of plastic.

Specialist Faust Alexander Taylor the Second

Security clearance: High

Check up and resupply team Alpha two

Card ID number: 1923A392F321

"So it's true..." muttered the General, taking his hand away from the phone. "Then this is serious. Alert the rest of the troops. I'll notify the President immediately," said the General, motioning towards the door. Faust saluted and ran out, shouting warnings and orders to anybody he saw. After a few minutes, the loudspeakers all over the base turned on. "Code red. Code red. This is not a drill. All men to your battle stations and prepare to defend this base. I repeat, this is not a drill. All men to your battle stations." The loudspeakers turned off. Faust ran towards a machine gun emplacement on the beach. He checked the ammo, then readied himself for the assault. He didn't have to wait long. A few minutes later, shimmering forms emerged from the water and started walking towards the base. They were almost invisible, but their footprints weren't. "Open fire!" yelled Faust, pulling the trigger on the machine gun. A form fell, uncloaking. Everyone saw what it was. A hideous creature, created in a lab. It should have stayed in the lab. At the demise of their comrade, the other creatures uncloaked. Sharp looking blades shot out of their wrists. After witnessing this display, the soldiers fired. The air was soon thick with flying shells and deadly lead as the creatures fell. As their comrades were being killed, a small group of creatures flanked them and went around the sides, leaping at the machine gunners. Limbs and bodies flew through the air as the soldiers struggled to turn and face two enemy forces at once. Faust realized they were doomed. "Retreat!" he yelled, unslinging his assault rifle and gunning down an Elite. "Run!" Faust and a group of survivors ran through the base, gunning down lone Elites as they did so. Reaching the General's quarters, Faust opened the door. Empty. Faust turned towards the helicopter pad and saw a helicopter, which was about to take off. "Get to the helicopter!" yelled one of the soldiers, dropping his gun and running towards it, shedding off his pack and

bullet proof clothing as he did so.

Faust followed, but didn't drop anything. The rest of the troops ran behind him. The soldier reached the top of the stairs, then suddenly collapsed, falling backwards. Faust and the others ran past him and he struggled to get up. When he finally did so, he was jerked to the ground again. A hand had popped up out of the ground and was now grasping his leg. It was pulling him towards the hole. "Help me!" he screamed, fumbling with the strap on his holster. "Help me!" he screamed again, drawing his gun. Then he was jerked down. Screaming, the man was pulled to a brutal end in a maze of tunnels dug below the base by the advancing creatures. Faust and the others jumped on the helicopter as it was leaving. One of the soldiers hung on the side of the helicopter, grasping for a better hold. Faust stuck his hand out. "Grab my hand!" he said. The man let go for a moment, trying to grab Faust's hand, but he missed. Falling, he hit the ground with a thud. Slowly rolling over, he saw a mob of creatures approaching. Fumbling instinctively for his assault rifle, he found nothing, having shedded it in his dash for the helicopter. Reaching for his pistol, he unholstered it and flicked off the safety, blasting the nearest creature's head into small chunks. Turning, he blasted another one, killing it. He spun around, blasting creatures as he did so. Then he was grabbed from below. Screaming in pain and fear, he struggled to get a handhold in the dirt. He found none. Turning his head, he saw a creature. It stabbed his hand into the ground just as the Elite below him pulled downwards. The man was effectively ripped in half.

On the helicopter, Faust watched as the base was destroyed. Sighing, he turned to the General. "Where are we going sir?" said Faust. "A secure facility in the middle of the desert," said the General. "Allright sir," said Faust, closing his eyes and going to sleep. When he woke, the helicopter was decending. Faust stood up and grabbed on to a handhold. Hopping out as the helicopter touched down, Faust walked inside and took a seat with a bunch of other soldiers who were staring at a television screen. "Earlier today, Atlanta, Georgia was destroyed by creatures of unknown origin," said the reporter, gesturing to a supposedly live picture of the carnage in Atlanta. "No one knows if this is the work of terrorists or something worse, but the citizens in Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina are encouraged to take precaution against such attacks, which might occur in their states as well. This is-" Faust turned of the television. The soldiers turned. "Let's watch something happier," he said, turning the television back on and changing the channel. The soldiers shrugged.

The next few days passed without incident. The news shows still talked on about various attacks. Most were worried about the attacks along the east coast, because they seemed to be going north and heading for Washington D.C. and New York city. Most thought the Washington would be fine, because it and the Pentagon were almost invulnerable to attack. Obviously, they didn't see the footage of the destruction of Atlanta, Georgia. Faust was issued command of a new squad, which consisted of three men. A support gunner, a sniper, and a demolitions expert. Faust wanted more men, but these men were the finest in their roles in the whole facility. He couldn't argue with that. After his seventh day in the facility, the General's chief advisors ordered an attack on Atlanta. The General advised against it, but he was overruled. The attack commenced in the next few hours. The General, pulling up a sattelite feed with sound, watched the

battle.

"Alpha squad, defensive positions!" cried the squad leader, his assault rifle firing and cutting down multiple enemies at once. He reloaded it and rolled into a makeshift plywood bunker, priming a grenade as he did so. Tossing it out through the firing slit, he ducked behind the wood. A few seconds later there was an explosion, and bits of metal from the grenade bit through the squad leader's Kevlar and sliced into his stomach, exiting through his back. Crying out in pain, the squad leader collapsed against the plywood, dropping his weapon. He lay there bleeding until he found his voice again. "Corpsman!" shouted the squad leader, struggling to get a flare out of his belt. He couldn't see very well in the dark. "Corpsman!" there was no answer except the machine gun fire and the shouts of the soldiers. "Corps-" shouted the squad leader again, but he didn't finish. A huge claw protruded from his chest, bloody and chipped. The squad leader's head lolled to one side limply. The claw pulled itself out of the body. The plywood bunker was ripped away, and hundreds of creatures pounced on the new meat.

"Squad leader down, requesting backup, over!" shouted a soldier into his radio, raising his handgun to fire again. He was in a room with the rest of his squad, gunning down any creatures that tried to enter the room. There was a dim glow from an old lamp above their heads, but that was it. The door was barricaded with old and rotting furniture and plywood beams from the roof. It was already sagging to begin with: Now it looked like it was going to cave in. The soldier raised his gun again and gunned down two more of the creatures as they ran by the window. Then some of the others stopped, raising their heads to the air and sniffing. "Oh no," said another soldier, who was reloading his assault rifle. They pack of creatures turned, and rushed at the door, claws extended. "Suppressing fire!" screamed the soldier, raising his pistol to the door. He was too late. The creatures bashed through the poorly constructed barrier, slamming into the pistol wielding soldier. His gun was forgotten as he locked his hand in a death struggle with the creature. His friend tried to shoot it, but they kept rolling around. Eventually, others came in through the door. They were cut down by machine gun fire, but some made it through and proceeded to massacre the soldiers. The soldier on the ground screamed in pain as another creature bit at his stomach. Another went for his arms, and the others for his legs. His screams were drowned out in the gurgling and chomping of the creatures as they ate at his insides.

The pilot of the UH-60 Black Hawk turned on his spotlight and aimed it at the ground. It seemed to be a writhing black mass of horrible creatures. Turning the helicopter sideways and flying in the middle of the battlefield, he turned to the gunners. They pulled back the actions of the big guns in unison. "Show 'em boys," said the pilot. The chattering of fifty caliber machine guns filled the air as shell casings dropped from the guns like demented hail stones. The creatures were blown apart by the guns, scattering intestines and body parts like confetti from some satanical party. A rope was thrown down and a few assault rifles added their clatter to the already deafening sound of the machine guns. There was a tug on the rope and a few soldiers climbed up it, hauling the rope up after them. They added

their firepower to the barrage of death as well. As the Black Hawk turned away, there was a deafening silence. Not a single soldier was

left behind, simply because besides the soldiers on the UH-60 Black Hawk, there were none left alive.

The General was horrified. He checked the records of the battle afterwards, and saw the statistics. He double and triple checked them, and they showed the exact same numbers. He slammed his fist on the metal desk in fury, then he picked up a radio and called in his advisors. He stared in cold anger at the projection of the battle statistics on the wall. This was madness. How did they expect to win the battle against these creatures? thought the General. They've already destroyed my base. How did you expect for it to just stop and leave? Just as he thought this, the advisors came in. The General looked at the projection on his wall. After checking the records for what must have been the hundredth time, the General looked at the advisors who had proposed the attack. "Seven hundred dead, four hundred and fifty two missing in action, and zero wounded," said the General, staring at the leaders, who shifted uncomfortably in their seats. "One hundred and thirty seven of those things dead, forty positively identified as wounded, and zero as far as we know are MIA," said the General, this time almost accusingly. "You proposed this attack. What do you goons have to say for yourselves?"

There was silence. "Nothing, eh? Thought so. Get out of my sight," said the General, sitting in his chair and closing his eyes. That was terrible odds, not to mention the fact that over half of an armored regiment had been captured by the enemy or destroyed. Sighing, the General looked at the statistics again. The screen flickered, then dimmed greatly, as did the lights. "What the!?" said the General, standing up and looking around. As he did so, the lights went out completely. The backup generator did not kick in. There was a scratching at the one way window. Turning, the noise stopped. The General crept to the door and reached for the handle. His hand never reached it. He crumpled to the floor, blood already spreading from thin holes in his chest. The assassin creatures exited the building silently, then turned the lights in the room back on. Their dart guns were fresh from firing.

The General's body was recovered in a few hours in a time of chaos. The base was under attack. Soldiers created barriers out of tables, chairs, and beds. Anything that was not bolted to the floor was used as a barricade of the mess hall. Their was only one way into the mess hall, and that was through a big main door that led to the assembly room. There were no windows, only the huge fans that

provided air for the place. It was the perfect place to barricade. Plenty of food, water, and room for tons of soldiers. Some of the chairs and tables had been used to make bunkers. Some of the engineers who had been on duty at the time had welded the bunkers and the barricade together and to the wall, in the barricade's case. Some of the Privates were confident that they would be fine, but the veterans were not so sure. After a few hours, the soldiers began to get sleepy. The first to lie down went right to sleep. The second batch to lie down didn't go to sleep as fast. One of the veterans kept hearing a clicking noise from under the steel plates. He thought back to his days long ago, then remembered that he had heard the same sound before. It was the sound of the creature's diggers. He sat bolt upright. "They're digging!" he screamed. He was too late. The floor beneath him collapsed, and he was engulfed in a hell of claws and pincers. His last words were a scream. Unfortunately, all of the defenses had been aimed at either the wall or the fans, both were

likely places to be attacked from. None of the were aimed at the center. The soldiers inside were overwhelmed in seconds. No one heard the screams. The mess hall was sound proof.

Faust sat in silence behind one of the large fans in the mess hall. He had hauled a table inside the air shaft and was using it to barricade the shaft. He only welded the top and side to the wall. He left the edges open for the air to still get through. He had cut a square hole in the bottom, and had welded around that. He was using bolts to secure that to the shaft, so if he wanted to he could loosen them and kick through, escaping. Faust held a shotgun in one hand, and a drill in the other. Taking out a lantern from his pack, he drilled a hole in the top of the shaft and secured the lantern by welding it. He yawned and closed his eyes, his PDA in his lap. He had tapped into the security feed. It was the camera that was inside the shaft. If he had looked closely before he went to sleep, he would see dozens of cloaked forms stealthily creeping through the vents and heading for his position.

Faust awoke to the sound of gunfire. It was behind his barricade. Then he heard a sharp tapping, quick and frantic. "Let us in," said a voice. "We got 'em." Faust tapped once back, acknowledging that he heard. Then he loosened the bolts and opened the metal flap. His squad crawled through. "Hey. We thought you were dead," said Orion, the support gunner. "We climbed up here to find some better cover, but then we saw the barricade and we knew from the sloppyness of the welding that it could only be you Faust," said Jack, the sniper. The others laughed. Faust grinned. "Ah, shut up," he said jokingly. "Anyways, how are we gonna get out of here? We can't leave the way we came, and I'm not getting chopped to bits by the big fan over there," said Faust, pointing a finger at the fan. "You don't have to get cut to bits," said Ryan, the demolitions expert. "This shaped charge will blow the fan out and get us out of here." Faust nodded, and pushed himself as close to the metal table as possible. He dimmed the lantern as the others did the same. Ryan set the charge, pulled out the detonator, and pushed himself against the wall as well. "Fire in the hole," he said, blowing the charge. The backlash pushed them all against the table, but the explosion blew the fan out, sending giant fan blades spinning into the mess hall. Faust nodded, grabbing his bag and his shotgun. "Let's go," he said, hopping down from the place behind the fan and on to the steel flooring of the mess hall. The others followed. The barricades on the main door were still there, impeding their progress. "Well, that stinks," said Orion. "Now there is only one way out," said Jack. "The hole," said Ryan ominously. They all stared at it. Twisted metal and dirt stuck up from the hole. Faust looked around. "Well, I guess we better get goin'," he said, attaching a flashlight to his shotgun and hopping down in the hole. Orion and Ryan followed, but Jack stayed back and dug a small hole in the side of the hole, sticking a claymore mine in there. "Just in case anyone follows us," he said to the others, following behind them.

It took about half an hour of constant walking before they finally got out of the tunnel. It was about ten miles from the base, in a forest. "I wonder how long it took them to dig this," said Orion, looking at the tunnel. "A few days probably," said Faust, looking around at the trees. "We better move. It's getting dark, and I don't wanna be caught out here in the woods." Ryan and Jack nodded. Orion gave a thumbs up sign. "Where to?" said Jack, looking around as well. "I don't think there is anywhere close to here." Faust shook his

head. "I agree with that. No where close to here. But we aren't staying here. We are going to New York city, before the creatures beat us there," said Faust, jogging northwards. "C'mon," he called over his shoulder. "There should be a used car lot this way." The others followed Faust, and after a few minutes, they reached the used car lot. "Lucky guess," muttered Ryan to himself. "What was that?" said Faust, looking over his shoulder as he strode towards a pickup truck. "Pretty dress," said Ryan, motioning towards a picture on a billboard for a perfume company. Faust rolled his eyes and Orion and Jack laughed. Faust opened the car door of the pickup and sat in driver seat. He got out the drill and drilled through the key slot, picking up a piece of metal that fell. Then he jammed it in the key slot and drilled a hole in the back of the steering wheel. The car revved to life.

"Neat trick," said Ryan, hopping in the side. Jack hopped in the back, and Orion hopped in the back as well. He looked around and spotted a metal pole. Grabbing it, he jammed it in the back of the truck. Then he leaned over to the driver's window. "Can I borrow your drill?" said Orion, extending a hand. Faust nodded, handing him the drill. Orion carefully drilled a hole in the bottom of his machine gun and set in on the metal pole. "There," he said, handing the drill back. He pulled the charging handle forwards and backwards a few times. "Ready to roll." Faust nodded from the window, then set off along a dirt road out of the forest. He only had half a gas tank. After a few hours, the vehicle began to slow down. "What's up?" asked Orion, leaning over to the side. "I'm slowing down to conserve gas," said Faust. "Right..." said Orion, turning back to the gun. Orion felt like he was being watched from behind. Slowly, he turned around. A slight shimmer was standing on the edge of the back of the truck. "We may have a problem," said Orion, pulling the charging handle back again. Then he opened fire. The creature decloaked and hissed in fury, pain, and fear as the gun tore into it. The creature jumped into the air and shot back down, straight at Orion. Pulling the trigger again, Orion met the creature with a full on blast of machine gun bullets. The creature was blown into bits. "What was that?!" yelled Faust, swerving to avoid a stump in the road. "Elites," said Orion. "Right. Gunning it, hang on," said Faust, stepping on the gas pedal as hard as he could. As the car jumped forward, there was more machine gun fire from the back of the car.

After a few minutes, the car began to slow down again. "Faust, now would not be the time to conserve gas," said Orion, still shooting. "More Elites are comin', and I'm running out of ammo." Faust adjusted the rear view mirror, and looked back. The road behind them was littered with corpses, bullet holes, and still breathing Elites, running after them. "Uh, that's not me," said Faust. "Oh no," said Jack, looking out the window. "So now you talk," said Faust. "We already have enough problems. What is it now?" Jack shook. "It's New York," said Ryan, pointing a finger from the back. "It's gone." Faust looked through the windshield. They were right. New York was a wasteland of twisted metal, smoke, and fire. Faust slammed his hand on the dashboard. "We were too late," said Faust. Orion stopped firing his gun. "Got 'em all," he said, looking over the top of the truck. "What's- Oh," he said, seeing the wreckage of New York. "We're the last ones," said Ryan. All of a sudden, a helicopter flew overhead. Faust fumbled with a flare as Ryan, Jack, and Orion shouted at it. "Let's go!" shouted Ryan. Faust leaned out of the car door and accelerated to full speed. The speedometer jumped and the gas needle bordered on empty. Right when they were about to run out of gas

completely, Faust fired the flare. It shot past the helicopter's windshield and into the space beyond, dimming as it did so. The car slowed down, and finally stopped at the top of a hill. "It couldn't have missed it," said Faust glumly. Then the helicopter began a spiral downward. "What the-" said Orion, staring dumbly at the helicopter as it slammed into the ground. Even from this distance, the ground trembled a little. Then, the car tipped forward.

"Right, now we-" said Jack as the car tipped forward and shot down the hill. All four of them screamed and Faust tried in vain to work the brakes. After all this time, he had never used the brakes more than once. It never occurred to him that the brake fluid had been leaking the whole way. As they hit the ground, the car flipped. Orion hung on to the gun as Jack and Ryan hung on to the seats. Faust flew out of a smashed door into the cool night air. Yelling, he smashed into a tree and crumpled, unconscious. The car continued flipping. Orion had to let go, because he broke his finger when the gun snapped apart. He catapulted ahead of the car and was crushed on the way down. When the car stopped, Jack was nowhere to be seen and Ryan was trapped in the burning car. The roof had caved in and the car was burning around him. Screaming, he frantically pounded the roof for an exit. There was none. He was roasted alive in the car as the flames consumed it.

Faust was jolted back to reality by a slight drizzle. Rubbing his head, Faust got up. Looking around, he spotted the burned out hull of the car at the bottom of a second hill. "Ryan! Jack! Orion!" he yelled. There was no answer. Setting off at a swift run down the hill, he only saw the car and missed the body until it was too late. Stumbling, he tripped over the body and skidded to a halt on his stomach. "What-" he said, turning over to see the crushed carcass of Orion, its skull pounded back in its head and the ribs collapsed. Shuddering, Faust stumbled back, straight into the car. The car teetered, then fell, ripping open a portion of the roof. Faust peered inside and fell back in shock when the roasted eyes of Ryan gazed lifelessly back at him. Faust slumped to the ground. He had never been one to cry for anything, even from a loss. His mother had left him when he was young and his father died in a terrible accident. But this left him speechless. He had only known them for a few weeks before they died. His previous squad had died as well. Then he remembered Jack. He had never found his body. "Jack!" called Faust, cupping his hand around his mouth. "Jack!"

There was a slight rustle in some tall grass. Faust, excited, rushed over to see what it was. "Jack!" shouted Faust, clearing away the grass. There was nothing there. Only a hole. A deep, dark, seemingly never-ending hole. Faust stared at it in shock, then noticed the trap door cover that was right next to it. Someone either must have gone in or gone out, and seeing that they left it open, it looked like they had gone in. Faust took a deep breath, then stared at the hole again, unclipping his last flare. He tossed it. It went on and on and on, until he couldn't see the light any more. That cancelled out the possibility of going in or out, because there was no ladder and if you had fallen in you would have yelled or screamed something. Unless... Faust jumped. He went down, down, down... Then landed in a net. Rolling, he pulled out his flashlight and shotgun, clipping the flashlight to the shotgun. He scanned the area. He was in a large, dark area with a doorway on one side. The door was open. Faust tried to walk over, but the net began to drop. Running now, he jumped for the ledge as the net collapsed and fell beneath him into the

bottomless abyss. Grunting, Faust hauled himself over on ledge, and lay there panting. Then he got up. He had lost the shotgun in the jump, but he still had the flashlight.

Picking it up, Faust turned it on again and shook it. Then he went through the doorway. A figure rushed him in the dark. Faust gave a cry of surprise as he was tackled. The figure leaped over him and sailed for the door, which slammed shut. The figure hit the door and fell down, obviously dazed. Faust turned the flashlight on it. The figure shielded its eyes with its hands, then as it got used to the light, it looked at Faust. "Jack?" said Faust, seeing his old comrade. Jack stared blankly at Faust. "Who are you?" he said. "I'm Faust, don't you remember?" said Faust, staring at Jack. "Who are you?" said Jack again. Then Faust saw the dent in his helmet. A huge piece of metal was embedded in his chest, and his left leg looked like it was studded. "Jack!" screamed Faust, running for him. Jack lashed out and kicked Faust in the face, sending him sprawling on the ground. Looking up, Faust was confused. "Why?" he said. Jack walked over to him. "Who are you?" he said. Faust slowly drew the knife. Jack was insane, and he was suffering greatly from the combined power of a concussion, his leg being studded with shrapnel, and a huge piece of metal in his chest. His neck even seemed twisted at an odd angle.

Faust lashed out and stabbed Jack in the chest. "An old friend," said Faust, sorrowfully as he drew out the knife. Jack fell on the ground and gurgled, blood spouting out from his mouth and chest. "Sorry," gurgled Jack as his body went limp. Faust stared at his friend. "Sorry too, Jack," said Faust, scavenging batteries and a pistol from Jack's body. Then he turned. The room was a giant torture chamber. A chair sat in the middle of the room on a raised metal podium, and it was hinged, so it could be folded into a table. Saws and knives and torture materials of all sorts hung on the walls. There was even a giant corkscrew. Faust stared at it all. What was this place?" Then, behind him, the door opened. An elevator stood there, waiting. It had a small note pinned to it. 'Gangz of NY', it read. This must have been their hideout or interrogation room for whatever gang it was. Faust stared at it in disbelief. Then he noticed the clock. The whole place was run on a clock system. Everything was perfectly timed. Faust walked over and stepped into the elevator. It dinged and took him to the surface, a few yards away from where the hole was. Faust set a piece of C12 from a pack on his back on the elevator as it went back down. Then he detonated it. The ground beneath him shook, and he knew the elevator has been destroyed. Faust walked over to the hole and shut the trap door.

Then he stared at the twisted remains of New York city. The rain was still drizzling, and the city still smoking. Faust shook his head and turned, walking back up the hill. Then he saw it. It had been hidden in grass, and it must have been really old, but it was there, sure enough. An old, rusted car. Faust walked over to it. It still had the keys in it. Faust opened the door of the car, and it promptly fell off. The front was dented deeply, and Faust wasn't sure that it was going to work. Turning the keys to the ignition, the car sprang to life. A little rusty and dirty, but it worked. Backing up, the hood of the car fell off as well. If he didn't hurry, the rain would destroy the engine. Faust gunned it, hoping that the heat from the engine would evaporate any rain that came near it or touched it. It worked. Faust drove for half an hour until he reached the outskirts of New York city. Then a wheel fell off. It had barely been holding

on for the whole trip, and now that Faust had stopped, it had come off. Faust turned off the car and got out.

End
file.